The Sultan and Our Missionaries.

The Porte has demanded the recall of two American missionaries from province of Aleppo, on the pretext that their mission is likely to cause disturbances. "The sick man of Europe," i as unreasonable as his political health is feeble. As a bright contrast to his obstinacy and stupidity, the people of America are acknowledging far and wide the beneficence of the mission of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, namely, to relieve and prevent malaria, rheuma-tism and kidney complaint, chronic dyspepsia, constipation and liver trou-ble. The nervous, the weak and the infirm derive unspeakable benefit from its use, and it greatly mitigates the weakness and infirmities which are specially incident to advancing years.

You Can't Apply This Rule. "After all, a Christmas present has no real value except as a token of love or

remembrance. "Well, it's all right to feel that way

about what you get, but you don't dare go out and buy gifts on that principle."

A., T. &. S. F. Time Card.

Under the new schedule in effect December 13, first train leaves Santa Fe at 3:55 p. m. connecting at Lamy with train No. 1 at 4:55 p. m. No. 1 carries local passengers between Lamy and Albuquerque, and west of Albuquerque to California, this train also connects at Lamy with train No. 17, and carries passengers for Albuquerque and points south, connection is also made on this run with the Chicago Limited eastbound on Wednesdays and Saturdays, this train arrives at Santa Fe at 7 p. m.

Eastbound first train will leave Santa Fe at 9:40 p. m. returning arrive at Santa Fe at 11:45 p. m.; this train carries local passengers between El Paso and La Junta and has through sleepers to Kansas City; second train leaves Santa Fe at 12:15 a. m., this is a through train from California, and has through chair car and Pullman for Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo; No. 3 westbound California Limited leaves Santa Fe or Mondays and Friday at 8:50 a. m.; re-turning arrive at Santa Fe at 10:40; the Chicago and California Limitted trains will only run twice a week each way until further notice Venom.

Ethel-That detestable Mrs. Jink said that I look 30!

Maud-How perfectly absurd! Ethel (elated)—Frankly, now how of do you really think I look? Maud-About 40, dear





Marvelous appliance and one month's remedies if rare power will be ent on trial, otthout am disease payment, by the foremest company in the oridin the treatment of men weak, roken, dis-ouraged from effects of excesses, worry, over-ERIE MEDICAL CO. "ANIARCE". N.T.

RIO GRANDE & SANTA FI

AND

DENVER & RIO GRANDE R. R. The Scenic Boute of the World.

Time Table No. 40.

BAST BOUND	WEST BOUNT
No. 428.	MILES No. 425.
10:08 a m Lv. Sar	nta Fe. Ar 6:55 p.m
12:08 p m Lv. Es	panola, Lv., 40., 4:55 p m
1:10 p mLv. E1	mbudo. Lv 59 3:25 p m
1:55 p m Lv. Ba	rranca Lv., 66., 2:45 p.p.
Sigi p mLv. Tres	Piedras. Lv 97 1:19 p n
7:00 p m I A	tonito Lv13111:40 a m lamosa Lv16010:30 a m
10:50 p m	Salida. Lv 246 6:50 a m
1:50 a m Ly. Fl	orence. Lv., 311., 4:00 a.m.
3:10 a m Lv. F	ueblo Lv843 2:40 a n
4:40 a m Lv. Co	olo Spgs. Lv. 387 1:02 a.m
7:30 a m Ar. I	Denver. Lv 463., 10:00 p m

Connections with the main line and At Antonito for Durango, Silvertor and all points in the San Juan country,

At Alamosa for Jimtown, Creede, Del Norte, Monte Vista and all points in the San Luis valley.
At Salida with main line for all points

At Saida with main line for all points cast and west, including Leadville.

At Florence with F. & C. C. R. R. for the gold camps of Cripple Creek and Victor.

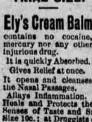
At Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver with all Missouri river lines for all points east. Through passengers from Santa Fe will have reserved berths in sleeper from

For further information address the undersigned. T. J. HELM, General Agent,

Santa Fe. N. M. S. K. HOOPER, A. P. A., Denver, Colo.

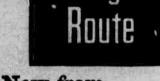
CATARRH

Druggist 10 CENT TRIAL SIZE.









New from end to end---

the Burlington's Vestibuled Flyer. New

the Burlington's Vestibuled Flyer. New chair cars. New smoking cars. New smoking cars. New smoking cars. New smoking cars. New sloepers. Steel platforms. Wide vestibules. Pintsch gas.

Leaves Denver 9:50 p. m. Arrives Omaha 4, next afternoon; Chicago, 8:20 following morning. Equally fast time—equally good service to Kansas City and St. Louis.

G W. VALLERY, Gen'l Agt., 1039 17th, St., Denver.

THE HUSBAND'S SOLILOQUY.

When we clean house, I'm homeless for a week When we clean house, my life is cold and bleak. My wife she works away And "airs the house" all day. Oh, what a disarray When we clean house

When we clean house, woe fathomicss is mine The things are shook and hung upon a line.
I cannot find my clothes, And where my meerschaum goes The future only shows

When we clean house, I feel that I have sinned When we clean house, we mostly live on wind We have our little snacks And dine on beats and whacks
And soap and carpet tacks
When we clean house.
—Detroit Free Press.

GREATEST OF THREE

He was first of all her husband's friend and then her own, and this is the story of how she saved him in a time of great danger and stood herself on the brink of another and greater peril.

Evey Lancaster was one of those wo men who marry men they averagely love and are faithful wives and devoted mothers so long as passion, going down the country lane of their peaceful lives, passes them by on the other side. She, perhaps, loved her husband more than these women usually do, but then she was made of sterner stuff, and where there is more to conquer there is more to suffer. Small blame to her, since heaven had made her charming. Small blame to Edward Vereker, her husband's friend, since he found her so, and he himself as goodly a man as you would meet on any summer's day. Her husband, David Lancaster, was a goodly man, too, and worthy of her and of Edward Vereker, his friend.

But there were three of them, and three is an evil number concerning men and women.

It was during the summer of 1893 that Edward Vereker and Evey, his friend's wife, began to be more than friends. He was staying with the Lancasters down in Surrey in their pretty little red house on the edge of the pretty little blue river, and David was going up and down to London every day. because it was yet early, and the vari ous vacations and holidays had not be gun. So he and she were left a good deal on one another's hands. Safan found mischief, not for those idle hands, but idle eyes, for that summer one's hands remained in one's lap and it was too hot even to talk, but it is as easy to look at one's neighbor as to stare blankly into space, and eyes can do a great deal by themselves, take it alto-So these two sat in the shady garden

under the big cedars and looked at one another for want of something better to do and found the occupation suffice for all their needs.

Evey Lancaster was a good womanby nature, not by art. I mean she was naturally good and had not become so by trying very hard. She had been well brought up; she read decent books, and, therefore, only a few, and she meant every word of her share in the marriage service.

But, alas and alas, she was a woman. and a pretty one, and Edward Vereker was good looking and a man, though somewhat unusually moral and possessed of a sense of honor. Moreover, they both loved David. But David was away all day, and-I mistrust June and the devil in a green garden!

I don't know that anything would have come of it if tragedy had not step ped in; Adelphi tragedy, battle, murder and sudden death in one of its most appalling forms in the shape of hydropho

Evey and Edward had been unneces sarily energetic that day. Perhaps they both uncomfortably realized that sit ting under the trees saying nothing was becoming a little exciting. At any rate Evey went to the gunroom and brought out a Smith & Wesson of her husband's, and they set up a mark in the meadow outside the garden, and. having prudently removed the cows. practiced shooting in the cool of the day. They shot very badly, but they had to look at the target, and that was comparative safety. They got tired of it at last, and she sat down under one of the great oak trees flanking the garden with the revolver in her lap, while he sauntered across the grass to rearrange the somewhat shaky target.

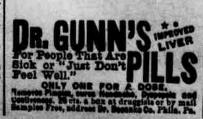
She was near the gate leading to the road, and it was open, for the cows had gone that way to the farmyard, and in June, 1893, gates that it was not an imperative necessity to shut remained open for coolness' sake.

And here the Adelphi melodrama came in, and through the open gate, too, heralded by "shouts outside"-a strange heart sickening clamor coming up from the hush of evening distancehoarse, scared yells, and the tramp of running feet and confused directions apparently issued in many voices. And through the open gate a horror rushed, a creature with dripping jaws and star-ing eyes, a big, black retriever, bearing in its strange, altered state but little resemblance to the friendly, kindly dog of a few days back, and at its heels a concourse of men armed with sticks and farm implements and any weapon that could be hastily snatched up, but none, alas, with a gun.

Evey Lancaster, revolver in hand, with shells still remaining in a couple of chambers, saw the mad dog enter the meadow and make straight across it out over the sunburned grass to where Edward Vereker was walking toward the target. She was under the shadows of the hedge, broadside on, as it were, and the dog never noticed her.

Edward Vereker turned on his heel at the sound of the noise at the gate, and, like Evey, took in the situation at a glance. But he was absolutely unarmed—he had not even a stick, and he was alone in the midst of a wide field with death in its foulest form not 30

Then Evey Lancaster, from where she



knelt on the grass under the hedge took aim and fired. She was his friend and knew that his life was at stake, and that quickened the presence of mind and the courage within her. She was made of British stuff, and that steadied the shaking hand and kept the revolver straight, and though the first bullet went wide the second carried true, and the mad dog, with a hideous yell, dropped disabled with a shattered shoulder not 15 paces from him. Then

everything. Five minutes later Edward Vereke and the woman who had saved him leaving the excited villagers still clustered round the horror on the grass, went back into the garden.

the crowd closed in and put an end to

It was as much as she could do to walk now that the strain was past, being only a woman after all, and the green garden was going round and round in a dim mist that smelled of gunpowder and grew blacker at every

He saw her falter and stop and was only in time to catch her in his arms to prevent her collapsing on the lawn at his feet. The earth and sky might wheel and melt into a blackening mist at will, but a pair of strong arms were round her and her cheek on a protecting shoulder. Strong emotions make us view the

world in a distorted light with our mental as well as our bodily eyes, and there was no David in the green garden behind the high hedge, only a brave woman, weak and trembling, with her head on the breast of the man she had rescued from worse than death-the man who called her "Evey, my darling," and passionately kissed her. David Lancaster came home in the

gloaming half an hour later, with a piece of salmon in a bass bag and the fifth Globe with all the latest cricket in Evey, up at her window, white and

trembling still, watching with half averted eyes a figure pacing up and down under the cedars, saw her husband coming in at the gate, saw him join the restless figure and tramp up and down in company and knew the story was being told him, for with a kiss had come awakening and shame, as it came with the knowledge of good and evil into the first garden.

Some time later the two men came back to the house, and Evey's preternaturally sharpened ears heard Edward ascend to his own room and David turn down the passage to come to hers. She stood in the middle of the floor in her white gown, her hair slightly ruffled, her face drawn with the stress of emotion which she had undergone, her hands—those little hands that had done so much—hanging limply by her side. And David opened the door and came in.

She could not look at his face, but she understood as he walked across the room to where she stood and took her straight and unhesitatingly into his arms that somehow, in spite of all, he knew about the kiss and had forgiven her. And the kiss was all she could remember of her past life.

When David Lancaster went up stairs to his wife and took her to his heart without asking for a word of explanation on her part, he did the one thing that saved him and her and Edward Vereker from shipwreck.

I read a story once in which the concluding sentence ran thus, "And so by a little thing was a woman saved from the misfortune of a great passion.

Edward Vereker, having done all that lay in his power to atone for what had happened, left the house early next morning without seeing Evey again. And her husband shook hands with him at parting.

They have not met since, except casually in society, and then they meet and greet as friends. They had fallen a little way together and repented of it, and with repentance comes revulsion of feeling and with that the end of all thingthat might have been, withered untimely in the budding of passion's poppy

him, and he was noble in that he confessed his kiss to her husband. But somehow it seems to me that the greatest of these three was David Lancaster, who heard and understood and yet, hearing and understanding, forgave. - Black

It was inevitable that the Bacon folly should proceed to commit suicide by piling up extravagances. By some meth ods one can prove anything, and accord ingly we find writers busy in tracing Bacon's hand in the writings of Greene, Marlowe, Shirley, Marston, Massinger, Middleton and Webster. They are sure that he was the author of Montaigne's essays, which were afterward translated into what we have always supposed to be the French original. Mr. Donnelly believes that Bacon also wrote Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy.'' Next comes Dr. Orville Owen with a new cipher which proves that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth by Robert Dudley, and that he was the author of the "Faerie Queene" and other poems attributed to dmund Spenser.

Finally we have Mr. J. E. Roe, who does not mean to be outdone. He asks us what we are to think of the notion that an ignorant tinker like John Bun yan could have written the most perfect allegory in any language. Perish the thought! Nobody but Bacon could have done it. Of course Bacon had been more than 50 years in his grave when "Pilgrim's Progress'' was published as Bun-yan's, but your true Baconizer is never stopped by trifles. Mr. Roe assures us that Bacon wrote that heavenly book, as well as "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Tale of a Tub," which surely begins to make him seem ubiquitous and everlasting. If things go on at this rate, we shall presently have a religious sect holding as its first article of faith that Francis Bacon created the heavens and the earth in six days and rested on the seventh day. - John Fiske in Atlantic.

National Stock Grower's Convention, Denver, Colo., January, 25-27.

For the above occasion the Santa Fe route will place on sale tickets to Denver and return at one fare (\$17.80) for the round trip, dates of sale January 24 and 25. Good for return passage, 15 days from date of sale. H. S. LUTZ, Agent, Santa Fe, N. M.



How much property a man will leave when he dies depends largely upon his health. The man who suffers from illhealth stands little show of being a successful business man. The man who comes to his desk in the morning with a headache, who suffers all day from dullness and drowsiness, who goes to his meals without an appetite and tosses restlessly through the night without sleep, is not likely to leave a competence for his widow and orphans. Success is even more dependent upon health than upon ability.

Few men realize these truths. They think that everything can be accomplished by work, and that health is a secondary consideration. Work is useless unless it is good work, and good work is never done save by a thoroughly healthy man. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all health restorers and health preservers. It makes the stomach strong and active. It sends a man to his meals thoroughly hungry every time. It facilitates the flow of directive inces and makes an

active. It sends a man to his meals thoroughly hungry every time. It facilitates the flow of digestive juices and makes assimilation perfect. It invigorates the liver, It purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It tears down nert, half-dead tissues and builds new, firm, muscular flesh. It does not build flabby fat like cod liver oil and does not make weeple more corrulers. not build flabby fat like cod liver oil and does not make people more corpulent.

Mr. John Brooks, of Boylston, Mass., writes: "I write to tell you of the great benefit I have received from Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs. The doctors said I was in consumption and could not get well. I took Cod Liver Oil and it did me no good. After taking it four months I heard of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and it saved my life."

THE OFFICE SEEKER.

He Was a Niagara of Talk, and Nothing Could Stop Him.

"Morning, sir! To come at once to the object of my visit, sir, I will frankly state that I want some sort of office under your administration that while permitting me to serve my country will also afford me generous remuneration, and"-

-"would furthermore state that I do not come as a supplicant asking a favor, but as one demanding a right, for"— "One minute, my dear sir, I"-

-"if modesty did not forbid the utter ance I might tell how my efforts were directly responsible for your election, but there is one thing I can dilate upon and "Excuse me, but"-

-"is the expense to which I have been placed championing your cause, a few of the principal items being \$2.50 for medical attendance necessitated by parading in the rain, \$1.75 for flags and banners with which to decorate my house, 50 cents for drinks while arguing your side, and "-

"Not a day—and 25 cents for cigars, all of which foots up a good, comfortable total and ought to insure me a good, fat job, the same being no more than"--"Great Scott! Listen to"-

"my right, but still, if you have no \$10,000 ones left, a \$5,000 one will do. though"-"Stop and listen to me or I'll batter

your brains out, you old phonograph! The mayor is out—out—out, and I'm just an office seeker like yourself waiting here to "Why didn't you say so at first, you

"Because you didn't give me a chance you leather lunged'-"Who's a fool?" Biff! Bang! Smash! Wow!

B-r-r-r! "Ah!" said the mayor, peering out of the closet. "Two out of the way."-George E. Creel in New York Journal.

A negro who was being tried on a criminal charge came into court without coun

A Heavy Load on the Court.

said the judge, "I will appoint Brother Blank over there to take charge of your The prisoner eyed the lawyer from head

to foot, then turning to the judge said: "No, suh, I reckon I won't take him. De las' time I went ter de penitentiary you 'pinted one des like him ter talk fer me, en I got ten years. I'll sorter rack erlong widout him, jedge, en des throw myseli head over heels on de mercy er de court. Please, suh, sentence me en lemme ge long."-Atlanta Constitution.

Pressing the Question. "Mistuh Pinkley," said the old colored man, "might I make so free as to ax you whut you wah about when I saw you las

"Why-er-uh, I wah gittin ready ter feed some er Squiah Williams' chickens."
"Dat reply is good fur as it goes. But would it strike you as a superflukeness on my paht of I wah ter ax you who you wah countin on feedin 'em to?"-Washington

Bringing It Up to Date. The park commission was ordering

"I suppose," said the sculptor, "that you want this warrior mounted."
"Yes, yes, of course," replied the spokes-

"He ought to be mounted unques tionably, but just now you'd better confine your work to the figure of the man, and we'll tell you later whether to put it on a orse or a bicycle."-Chicago Post.

No Wonder He Owed For Them. Photographer—There goes Bummer, onfound him! He owes me for a dozen

Adviser—Why don't you get square with him by posting up one of his photos labeled, "Not paid for?" Photographer—H'm! That wouldn't hurt him any. The pictures don't look a bit like him.—Boston Transcript.

"What effort did you make, what sacrifice, while you were in congress?" inquired

The politician thought seriously for moment and then straightening himself up impressively answered, "I staid awake and listened to the speeches."—Washing-

This is Your Opportunity.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

ELY BROTHERS,

56 Warren St., New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Oream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

HENRY AND THE LEMONS.

They Did Not Come Home Together, and Poor Henry Got a Lecture

"Henry," said Mrs. Nagg, and Henry's blood chilled in his veins, for he knew by intuition that he had forgot-I told you to bring home?"

"Well, I'll be hanged if I didn't for

"Of course you forget thom. I knew perfectly well that you would forget them when I told you this morning to bring them home with you. I had not the remotest idea that you would re member them. I said to myself half a dozen times today, 'Now I'll warrant you that Henry will forget those lemons.' Mother ran over for a few minutes this afternoon and I told her that I'd told you to bring home some lemons, but I'd no idea that you'd remember it. I never in all of my life saw such a man as you are to forget things. I'd just like to know what would become of this family if I was as forgetful as you are. I told you no less than three times at the breakfast table and I followed you to the door and told you for the fourth time to be sure and bring home some lemons, for you can get them fully 3 cents a dozen cheaper in the city than we can get them out here, and you said that you would get them, too, but I felt perfectly sure from the way you said it that you hadn't charged your mind with it, and I said to myself over and over again during the day, 'I'll bet anything in this world that he will forget those lemons.' And here a dago came along today with some in a cart unusually cheap and I let him go by because I'd told you to get some and I didn't care to have two lots in the house, but I might have known that you would no more think of those lemons than you thought of the pineapple I told you to get one day last week, and I'd depended on the pineapple to slice for tea, just as I've depended on the lemons to make lemonade for tea this

"And here I've gone and told the children that we'd have lemonade for tea, and now I can't keep my word to them because-what? You can go out to the corner and get half a dozen? Yes, and pay at least 3 and maybe 4 cents a dozen more than they cost in the city. No, I thank you, we've no money to throw away like that. We'll go without lemons tonight and I'll go into the city tomorrow and get some myself. It's what I have to do if I really want anything because my husband-what? You tell your own wife to 'shut up?' I thought I'd married a gentleman, but I find out that I am very much mistaken. A man who will tell his own wife to that's right, bang the door! Dear me dear me! What we wives have to put up with is more than half the world freams of ."-New York Sunday World.

Origin of the Boundary Line Dispute



"AW, GIT ON YER OWN SIDE O' DE BED! -New York Journal

Not Wasting Room.

"What I want," said the man who was talking about taking a flat, "is some place where the rooms are big enough for me to turn around in.' "Certainly," replied the agent. 'That can be easily arranged, as you are not an unusually large man. Stand

up, please, and let me get your exact measurements."—Washington Star.

New Neighbor (in Chicago)-Good morning, my little dear. I saw you out walking with a very fine looking gentleman last evening. Is he your papa? Little Girl-Yes, sir, and he's one of the nicest papas I ever had. -New York

A College Training.

Home from college came the stripling, cain and cool and debonair, With a weird array of raiment and a wondrous wealth of hair, With a lazy love of languor and a healthy hate

And a eighrette devotion that would sham the turbaned Turk. And he called his father "guy'nor," with cheek serene and rude while that raging, wrathful rustic called his son a "blasted dude" And in dark and direful language muttered

threats of coming harm To the "idle, shif'less critter" from his fa ther's good right-arn And the trouble reached a climax on the lawn behind the sked. "Now I'm goin ter lick yer, sonny." so the

sturdy parent said,
'And I'll knock the college nonsense from your noddle mighty quick."

Then he lit upon that chappy like a wagor load of brick.

But the youth seronely murmured as he grip ped his angry dad, n're a clever rusher, guv'nor, but you tackle very bad." And he rushed him through the center, and he tripped him for a fall, And he scored a goal and touchdown with hi-papa as the ball

Then a cigarette he lighted as he slowly strolled away.

Saying. "That was jolly, guv'nor; now we'll practice every day."

While his father from the puddle, where he

wallowed in disgrace.
Smilled upon ins offspring proudly from a
bruised and battered face.
And, with difficulty rising quick he hobbied

to the house

'Henry's all right, ma," he shouted to his anxious, waiting spouse 'He jest licked me good and solid, and I tell yor, Mary Ann,
When a chap kin hek your husband he's a
mighty able man.

Joe Lincoln in L. A. W. Bulletin.

Under the Mistletoe.

-Kiss me again darling. She-But I've kissed you twenty-six imes already darling. He-Once more will make twenty even, darling.

She-Oh, so it will, darling, (They

Flesh. "By the vanity of the fiesh," remarked the observer of men and things, is doubtless meant the average man's no-tion that he is destined to be something

knew by intuition that he had forgotten something his wife had told him to get, "did you bring home those lemons MAXWELL LAND GRANT.

Situated in New Mexico and Colorado. On the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and Union Pacific, Denver & Culf

1,500,000 Acres of Land for Sale.

FARMING LANDS UNDER IRRIGATION SYSTEM.

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LARGER PASTURES FOR LEASE, for long terms of years, fenced or unfenced; shipping facilities over two railroads.

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famous Gold Mining Districts of Elizabethtown and Baldy, where mines have been successfully operated for 25 years, and new rich discoveries were made in 1895 in the vicinity of the new camps of Hematite and Harry Bluff as rich as any camp in Colorado, but with lots of as yet unlocated ground open to prospectors on terms similar to, and as favorable as, the United States Governmen

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TITLE perfect, founded on United States Patent and confirmed by decision of the U. S. Supreme Court.

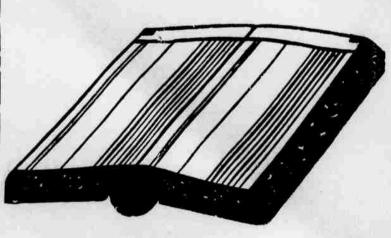
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Rule them to order. Can give you the finest kind of binding, both for durability and finish, and it is the sole makers.



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Of all kinds done with neatness and despatch. Carry a large and complete line of commercial stationery consisting of wedding cards, business cards, programs, etc.

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This is the best equipped establishment in the whole southwest for this line of work, and our unequalled facilities enable us to turn out work at the lowest possible figures.

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Carry a full and complete line of all Legal Blank, including those required by the Brand Law enacted by the last legislature.

NEW MEXICAN PRINTING COMPANY